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SOME PIONEERS

And How They Came to Kansas.

Wm. H. Ambrose, of Greeley, Writes Another
Interesting Chapter of Early History.

When Squatter Sovereignty was the political slogan with which the political traders fooled the common people, and because it was a much overworked word, thousands made up their minds that they would be with the Squatter Sovereigns, and would exercise that sovereignty in the then much-talked-about territory of Kansas.

In western Ohio, near the great Quaker settlement in Wayne county, Indiana, a large company concluded they would make a company to strike for the altars of their sires. It took some time to complete arrangements for such a trip and to settle in this "American Desert." With some, it was a real trial. Old ties had to be severed and new associations formed in this new land.

In pursuance of this agreement, forty-seven adults and about a dozen children took up the line of travel for Kansas. Most of the company were of Preble and Darke counties, Ohio; some from contiguous counties in Indiana. The men, with the freight, took the river at Cincinnati, and the women and children took the railroad to St. Louis just in time to meet there to take the boat together, there being no railroad from that point.

The trip on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers was all that we could ask, for pleasure, but when we were churned into the muddy waters of the Missouri, our troubles began. Have been on the Missouri twice since—both short trips, and both down stream. Our trip this time was up stream, in the month of March. It was a tedious journey. We had to spar off sandbars by the dozen, and at various times, all the men were put ashore to lighten the boat. Sometimes, we would have to walk a couple of miles before the crew would find water deep enough at shore to land and take us on.

The boat was named New Lucy, and it was loaded to its capacity with as motley a gathering as ever gets together. After procuring staterooms, and before we left port, the men were waited upon by the clerk with the inquiry if they would surrender their rooms to the women, which all readily did. The ladies' and gents' cabins were practically all one—the women all stowed away in the staterooms and bunks spread on either side from end to end of the cabin. We were all fairly settled for a long Missouri river nap when "chug" the boat struck solidly against something which made it creak as though it was going to pieces. The impact was so solid as to throw the women out of their bunks and slide the bunks spread on the floor for the men so as to surprise them and cause them to rise. And then began a regular war dance. The women were scared about as badly as they could be, and waltzed up and down the cabin, hunting their male traveling companions. A fine-looking young woman came up to me and accosted me with: "Mister, I wish you would tell my husband to come here. I want him." I replied: "Madam, I do not know your husband's name." "Well, his name is Robinson. Please tell him to come." I went out on the fore-castle, where a great crowd was gathered. The hold was open, and some of the crew, in stuffing in a mattress and rapidly nailing a tarpaulin over it to keep it tight over the hole stove into the hull. I called out, inquiring if there was a man there by the name of



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THE NOW

BY EUGENE P. WARE

The charm of love is its telling—
The telling that goes with the giving;
The charm of a deed is its doing;
The charm of a life is living;
The soul of a thing is the thought;
The charm of the act is the actor;
The soul of the fact is its truth;
And the Now is its principal factor.

The world loves the Now and the Nowist.
And tests all assumptions with rigor;
It looks not behind it to falling,
But forward to order and vigor;
It cares not for heroes who faltered,
For martyrs who hushed and recanted;
For pictures that never were painted;
For harvests that never were planted.

The world does not care for a fragrance
That never is lost in perfuming;
The world does not care for the blossoms
That wither away before blooming;
The world does not care for the chimes
Remaining unring by the ringer;
The world does not care for the songs
Unsung in the soul of the singer.

What use to mankind is a purpose
That never shone forth in the deed?
What use has the world for a loving
That never had winner or weaver?
The motives, the hopes and the schemes
That have ended in idle conclusions
Are buried along with the failures
That come in a life of illusions.

Away with the flimsy idea
That life with a past is attended;
There's a Now—only Now, and no past—
There's never a past, it has ended;
Away with the obsolete story,
And all of its yesterday sorrow;
There's only to-day, almost gone,
And in front of to-day stands to-morrow.

And hopes that are quenchless are sent us,
Like loans from a generous lender,
Enriching us all in our efforts,
Yet making no poorer the lender;
Lightening all of our labors,
And thrilling us ever and ever
With ecstasy of success
And the raptures of present endeavor.

Robinson. Three answered to the name. I then asked if either had a wife aboard. One did not answer; one said "No," and the third one, "No; but I wish to God I had."

I returned to the cabin to report, and just then the husband came in from the guard. The woman was almost wild, running up and down the cabin in a wonderfully frightened condition. Her husband saw her. He caught her, and, with one vigorous swing, he took her into a stateroom. The women were all badly scared, but this one was so badly scared that she appeared to be on the verge of mental collapse.

None of the women had too many clothes on,

Striking a snag so hard threw them all out of their bunks, and fear that they would soon be swallowed by the waters of the muddy Missouri took possession of all of them. It was some time before they were, in a measure, quieted.

The boat was so badly damaged that she ran aground in shoal water, and the next morning, we were all put aboard the Polar Star, a boat of the same line.

During this day, one of our company, a young man named Elisha Sperry, fell overboard, right in front of the wheel, and was carried under and lost. I think it was this same day, forenoon, March 17th, we landed at Kansas

City, where, after landing, a note was written to young Sperry's father, telling him of his son's death, and about a dozen of his traveling companions signed it.

After lunch, we started out, afoot, to the point in Kansas Territory which had been chosen before starting from Ohio. There were seventeen in the company. There were no public conveyances we could get, so we jogged along until it was becoming dark, when we called for lodging at a house occupied by a Shawnee Indian named Sacket. His house was full, but, pointing southeast, he said there was a house just around a point of timber where we could probably stay. Arriving at the house, we found it full to overflowing. By this time it was fairly dark, so we went into the timber, gathered a lot of dry limbs and built a fire. There was but one blanket in the outfit, and the night was so cold as to freeze. We gathered around the fire and tried to make ourselves comfortable, but there was too much frost in the air. After two or three hours' effort to get comfortable, we took to the road, and, after a march of five or six miles, coming down into wooded hollow, we stopped and built another fire. Here we staid several hours, and again started on our march, and just at daylight, came to an Indian cabin, where an Indian named Coffee lived.

It was a double cabin. Going in, we found the floor covered with men and fire in the fireplace. There were just seventeen of this crowd, and the prospect of getting breakfast for thirty-four men looked somewhat doubtful. I asked how far to the next house, and some one answered, "Two miles." I then said, "Well, boys, you fellows have had a place to lie down and sleep, and we have been tramping all night. You fellows go to the two-mile house." After a while, they left, and, after some coaxing, some threatening and some wild promises, we got breakfast, paid our quarter each and left, taking the course the company did in the morning.

About 3 o'clock, we came to the two-mile house—fourteen miles from where we got breakfast. Just as we got there, our friends of the morning were leaving. They had walked fourteen miles for their breakfast. We asked the woman for something to eat. She shook her head and said she was not well; that she could not cook a meal. Then, after a little thought, she said: "I have plenty to give you a meal, but I can't cook it for you; but I will do what I can if you will do what you can to aid me." A bargain was soon made, and before long, we enjoyed a meal after a fourteen-mile walk.

By the time our dinner was over, it was far gone in the afternoon, and we knew not how far it was to where we could get another meal. After a little talk on the outlook, we asked her about staying all night. She consented, provided we would aid her all we could. We made down our beds and slept soundly on the

[Concluded on editorial page.]

R. L. ADAMS,

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